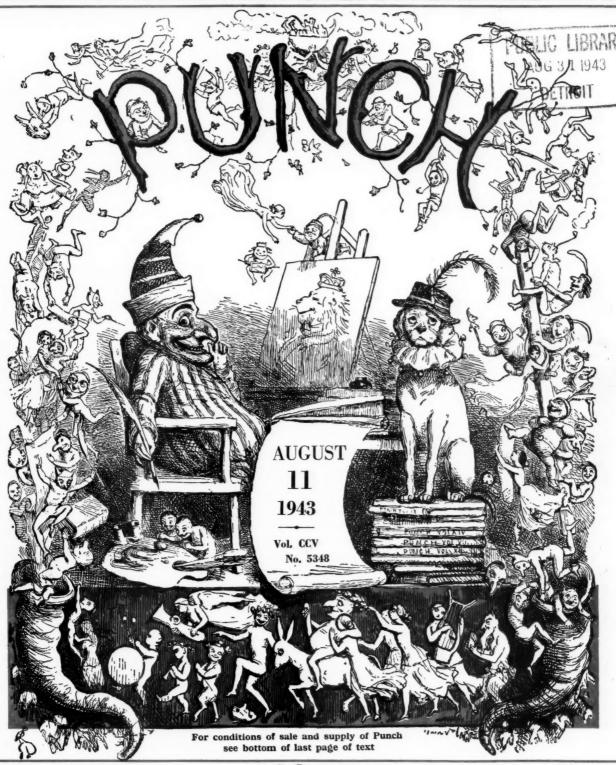
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The People who Defeat Corrosion

A Valuable Addition to Family Meals

> [X7ITH so much depending on national fitness, everyone should endeavour to maintain health and vitality at the highest possible level.

> For this reason it is a wise plan to make 'Ovaltine' the regular daily beverage for every member of the family. Prepared from Nature's best foods, 'Ovaltine' provides valuable nutritive elements which help to build up body, brain and nerves and to create reserves of strength and energy.

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Making Your Will

If you have not made a will or desire to revise earlier plans, this Company's service merits attention.

Several advantages result from appointing it as sole or joint executor and trustee. However distant the date before the need arises to act in either capacity, existing conditions - make such an appointment even more advisable than in peace time. The various advantages which may accrue to your dependents for moderate pre-arranged fees, payable out of the estate, will be described by any Midland Bank branch manager.

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Head Office: Poultry, London, E.C. 2

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MANY a pair of suede shoes has earned this honourable title through the regular application of Meltonian Suede Cleaner.

To-day it's a duty, as well as sound sense, to make all shoes stay young longer. Your suede shoes at any rate can look forward to a long and useful life -kept soft and supple and free from shiny spots—by treating them to Meltonian Suede Cleaner.

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Use Meltonian White Cream for polished leather of any colour

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British Industry is now marshalled behind the National War effort. This change over from peace to a war economy has been accomplished smoothly and efficiently.

The 'Celanese' organisation, is, of course, playing its part in this National effort. 'Celanese' Products are supplying urgent wartime needs of the Forces.

'Celanese' Products—'Celanese' Utility Fabrics are being manufactured for civilian needs too. Their supply is, of course, controlled. There are shortages in labour and raw materials. There are difficulties of distribution. But the important thing is the Quality of 'Celanese' has been maintained, and is as fine as ever.

Then too, there is the Future, a Future of new and wonderful materials . . . the peace-time harvest of wartime effort.

经验证

C 202

To economise with Brylcreem



TWO HELPFUL TIPS

- (1) It is important to shake the bottle the right way, for 'expert shaking' makes the Cream 'fluid,' thus enabling you to control the flow. Grasp the bottle as shown (note the finger firmly on the cap) then flick the wrist smartly to and fro in semi-rotary fashion for a few seconds; on removing cap the cream will then flow without difficulty.
- (2) When the bottle is nearly empty add a teaspoonful of clean, cold water, shake vigorously for a minute and note how cleanly the Cream comes from the Bottle. Yes! you can use the last drop.

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

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BEWARE!



ARE RISKING SORE GUMS TENDER GUMS INFLAMED GUMS BLEEDING GUMS

danger signs, which, neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhea). Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them all together. Thousands of dentists recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice with its special anti-gum-infection ingredient. Don't let pyorrhea claim you as a victim. See your dentist, and start using Forhans to-day! In three sizes.

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Medicinal Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura

Stop-look

Carelessness on the roads is adding thousands to the war's toll of "killed and wounded". Carelessness on the roads is helping the enemy and, where children are concerned, is carving into Britain's hopes for the future.

Although the roads are emptier, I take greater care than ever. Before stepping into the road, I stop on the kerb, look left and right, and cross only when the road is clear. If I am responsible for children, I teach them this "kerb drill" and try to keep them off the busy main roads.

If I drive, I remember: Better a little care than much regret.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society



MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED EDMONTON LONDON N. 18

IEWELLERY?

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OR is most of it lying locked away—un-used—almost forgotten? Why not get a good price for it instead? There's an opportunity to sell it now. Brooches, clip and double-clip brooches, rings, bracelets, badge brooches, etc, are all worth money to-Send them, by day. registered post, to Asprey's for the fairest valuation and the best cash prices.

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A Square Meal for the Workers...



"Eclipse" Blades (now made only in the popular slotted pattern) are not easily obtainable nowadays, but perseverance is amply rewarded in clean and comfortable shaving.

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Nerve-Tonic Food may not be plentiful, but it is still obtainable. Ask your chemist for it. Even if he cannot supply you immediately, he will be getting his share of 'SANATOGEN' at regular intervals, and will see that you get your share.

NERVE-TONIC FOOD In one size only - 6/6d.





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Honey is rationed with all preserves and distribution is accordingly limited. We ask you not to be disappointed if it is difficult to obtain.

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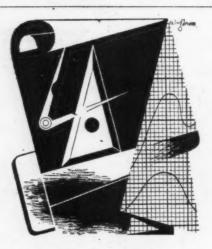


T is nearly a century since Romary first made biscuits of supreme quality at Tunbridge Wells. Today, the old standards of fine ingredients and 'home-baking' are still being faithfully observed. Romary Biscuits remain the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship.

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'TUNBRIDGE WELLS' BISCUITS

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LONDON SWI





No. 5348

Vol. CCV

PUNCY

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



August 11 1943

Charivaria

It is confidentially whispered in Berlin that the Fuehrer considers the Brenner Pass will never be the same again.

There is a shortage of black-out material in Italy. In spite of all those discarded shirts?

0 0

Gayda has lost the editorship of the Giornale d'Italia and no longer broadcasts. So now he is not even his own mouthpiece.

0 0

A prize for the tallest sunflower is being offered to suburbanites by a local paper. Those with snow on the top will, we understand, be judged in a class by themselves.

- 0

It is proposed that the Home Guardsman should give up clothing coupons for his uniform. As yet it is not suggested that he should

take out a licence for his rifle.

0 0

The American citizen, we read, will probably be paying more taxes next year than the British citizen. The latter must be surprised that there are any more.

According to statistics hops are still extensively grown in this country. For what purpose is presumably a Government secret.

0 0

"Eire is a strangely altered country," says a traveller. His impression is that the inhabitants seem to be strictly neutral even among themselves.

0 0

American scientists are experimenting with a view to controlling local climatic conditions. So far nothing

has been done towards dehydrating the British summer.

0 0

By all reports it would seem that the "Stay at Home" holiday programmes organized by local authorities are such a success that in some cases they are attracting visitors from all over the country.

Whoopee!

"Members of Cleethorpes Golf Club who happened to be there on Sunday had an unexpected celebration at the nineteenth.

peueddul seu 1 Juiu 1, uop I before that two members have achieved the hole-in-one on the same day."—Lincolnshire Paper.

0 0

On Bank Holiday Saturday, says a report, ten thousand people travelled to Brighton alone. The passengers would have worded this differently.



Pegasus for Sale

"Garron pony, grey (good), 14 h.h., 3 years, quiet to ride and drive, passes all traffic."—Advt. in Dundee Courier and Advertiser.

0 0

A popular newspaper has published the greatest story of the war. Almost daily, in fact.

0 0

A horticulturist says his creeper is very forward this year. Still, he's lucky to get a jobbing gardener at all, cheeky or not.

The Englishman

But so calmly their passage had run on You would not have guessed it, and niver afore, it appears,
Had he been up in Lunnon.

And this thing especially warmed me So simple he seemed and so sane He had had his first ride, he informed me, That day in a train.

Some City (not ours) in his head Cloud-cuckoo-land fashioned of vapours He had formed from the nine o'clock news, or had read About it in one of the papers.

Not the Abbey, the Tower, nor the Zoo, No time and no place of assembly Had lured him ere this to confront Waterloo; He had not been to Wembley.

Far off he had followed his labours
From summer to winter in peace
Unvexed by new wars and his neighbours
And the county police.

His life had brought sorrows and joys

Much wisdom and little dissension

Two sexagenarian boys

A wife and a pension.

Great tidings had left him unworried He had felt not the call of the sea He remembered when Gladstone was buried And the Queen's Jubilee.

His horses at plough-time had heard him, He had heeded the cry of the plover, But seldom the sirens had stirred him Or planes passing over.

The harvest, the tending of fruit His features had moulded, He was wearing his very best suit Not often unfolded.

But now our street traffic confused him, Our offices nobly appointed, Some trouble or other bemused him, He seemed disappointed.

He had come up—this man of great patience
To all, I should say, an example—
To look at they there devastations;

I showed him the Temple.

EVOE.

Letter to a Pharmacist

RETCHED little pedler of cough pastilles and wizened sponges—

Do you suppose it gives me pleasure to visit your so-called shop? Do you imagine that it is out of pure high spirits, or a sense of fun, or to while away a pleasant

five minutes that I take leave of God's free fresh air and

step into your noisome interior, where the odour of soap and senna-tea mingles with balsam, belladonna and bakelite—not to mention the distasteful metallic whiff of your ancient weighing-machine—to produce an atmosphere in which the hardiest loofah loses its virility and lies gasping at the bottom of its tray? Can it be conceived even in your drug-soaked mind that the spectacle of your bald head and draggling moustaches seen over a barricade of toothpaste-containers acts as an irresistible lure to tempt me away from home and friends and duty? Can it, you magnetic little mine?

I mean to say, do you think I would come and ask you for something unless I had to?

I have got nothing against pharmacists in the mass; an obliging, useful body of men, take them for all in all, with whom I have in the past done much business and hope to do so again in the future. But don't set yourself up, my boy. Don't begin to imagine you are indispensable, and can afford to play fast and loose with respectable members of the general public. You'll find yourself in Queer Street one of these days, if you aren't careful—and not an unsuitable address either.

Supposing one or two of us decide to give up washing and perfuming ourselves and taking tonics and tablets at one-and-six the small box, where are you going to be then, eh? You'll have your cameras and water-wings to fall back on, I suppose? Well, fall back on them, and stun yourself on one of your own sponges while you're about it. I assure you we can get along all right without cameras if we put our minds to it, just as easily as we can give up water-wings, if that's where our duty seems to lie. Thousands and thousands of us have given up these things already and look none the worse for it. Life isn't all holiday snaps, you have given up these things already snaps, you have given up these things already and look none the worse for it.

I can see your shop now, as I write. What a museum it is, to be sure! That clattering thing filled with twopenny coloured postcards that revolves three times if you touch it and falls over if you don't, the rows of drawers labelled "misc" and "hisc" and "zyg," the hideous hot-water bottles and those garish rows of tooth-brushes. And always in the corner that loathsome weighing-machine, with basket attachment. Golly, how I hate that weighing-machine of yours!

I'll tell you this much, my man, I wouldn't buy any of your pastilles if the whole medical profession signed a testimonial for them. I'd rather just go on coughing, and get what relief I could from a jug of steam, than watch you clock up another one-and-ninepence on that cash register you make such a din with. And another thing, you can keep your tartan sponge-bag that I asked about in March or April, was it? I can wrap my things up in brown paper, as far as that goes, or if necessary buy a sponge-bag somewhere else. There are plenty of other pharmacists about, you know. Decent, reputable chaps.

Well, there it is. I've said my say. Why not sell up, or (if that's too flattering an expression) give it away and get into some line of business that puts a premium on inefficiency and insolence?

Or if you don't want to stop being a pharmacist, why not try giving a civil answer next time I ask you if you've got any razor-blades? I've got to shave, haven't I? We can't all afford to have draggling moustaches. And how can I get blades without asking for them?—tell me that.

Have you got any in now, by the way? H. F. E.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



HARVEST PARADE

ce he OP de se



"I see the Eighth Army has taken another place that we went to on our honeymoon." .

Hens and the R.A.F.

AST night the R.A.F. Mess, Prangmere, once again went into committee, the first to be held for some considerable period. On this occasion the subject was hens.

Squadron-Leader Undercart opened the discussion by remarking he'd heard he was being posted to another Station and was wondering what to do about his hens. Pilot-Officer Airscrew said what hens. Squadron-Leader Undercart said the hens he had at the back of his house, he didn't want to leave them to the next tenant, particularly the speckled one that laid so well, his wife was much attached to her.

Flying-Officer Talespin said was she going with him. Squadron-Leader Undercart said that's what he was wondering about. Flying-Officer Flaps said he supposed it depended on accommodation at the other end. Squadron-Leader Undercart said as

long as she had a place to scratch she'd be happy all day.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute here rose to his feet and registered an impassioned objection to Squadron-Leader Undercart having referred to his wife's habits in such an outspoken manner. Was chivalry so dead that ...

Squadron-Leader Undercart replied tersely he wasn't speaking of his wife, but of his speckled hen, and Lyne-Shute was a clot. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said he apologized . . . had he for a moment . . . never would he . . . why, stap him, he apologized again, would Undercart join him in a noggin of beer.

Squadron-Leader Undercart said he didn't mind if he did, and Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said quickly, anyone else, too late, boys, waiter two heers

Pilot-Officer Prune said suddenly he'd been thinking this hen business over (derisive laughter, cries of "What with?" etc.), and he thought that if Squadron-Leader Undercart was going to wangle an aircraft to fly over to his new Station . . . Squadron-Leader Undercart, indicating Group-Captain Boost in conference with Wing-Commander Blower at the far end of the mess, said psstt, yes, he was, but Groupy didn't know it yet. Continuing in lower tones, Pilot-Officer Prune said in that case why didn't Undercart fly the hens over with him.

Pilot-Officer Nosedyve said wizard, Pilot-Officer Rudder said good show, and Flying-Officer Talespin said he (Prune) had certainly got something there. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said it was good enough to have another beer on, let him see, wasn't it Undercart's turn, waiter, the Squadron-Leader wants you.

Flying-Officer Flaps said he could hardly wait to see the day, would

Undercart carry them loose in the plane because if so it'd be the funniest aircrew any pilot had. Pilot-Officer Prune said he could just see the speckled hen as "Tail-end Charlie," giving warning clucks down the intercom. if an Me. were sighted, like the hens that saved the Capitol . . . Pilot-Officer Airscrew said clot, it was geese. Pilot-Officer Prune said blow him down so it was. Pilot-Officer Airscrew said it was a wonder he (Prune) hadn't said they'd saved the Plaza and made a job of it. Pilot-Officer Prune expressed disagreement, and Wing-Commander Blower said not to make such a ruddy row over there.

Flying-Officer Talespin said Undercart would have to be careful lest any of his hens got out of the aircraft and started flying solo; to have an Anson flying wing-tip to wing-tip with a Rhode Island Red at fifteen hundred feet would look undignified and not in keeping with Air Force traditions

Pilot-Officer Rudder said he had a brilliant idea. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said that if his (Rudder's) idea was to offer him (Lyne-Shute) half a can, he (Lyne-Shute) agreed as to its brilliancy. Pilot-Officer Rudder said didn't Lyne-Shute ever think of anything but beer. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said very rarely, waiter, a beer. Pilot-Officer Rudder said here was his idea, why didn't Undercart fly his hens over as a Squadron instead of as passengers, dammit, they had plenty of flying hours behind them, hadn't they.

Pilot-Officer Nosedyve said wizard, he could just see Squadron-Leader Undercart taking off and setting course for his new Station with a squadron of hens formating on him. Flying-Officer Flaps said he wondered whether they were sufficiently hot on formation flying, he understood hens didn't practise it much, preferring to taxi about the airfield with occasional bursts of engine, say, when they saw another hen with a worm at the far end of the runway; with so little experience, if they tried to fly in "tight vie" formation there'd be a hell of a lot of collisions.

Pilot-Officer Airscrew said who was talking about "tight vic," over friendly territory they'd fly in line astern and if challenged would be expected to lower their undercarriages and fire the colour of the day. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said he'd give a barrel of beer to see that, no, on second thoughts only half a barrel, beer was too precious.

Pilot-Officer Nosedyve said they ought really to fly in fighter formation

in case of hostile hawks; instead of Blue Section and so on, one would have Speckled Section, Light Sussex Section

Pilot-Officer Prune said why this assumption that they were fighter hens, far more likely they were bombers; if that speckled hen were such a good layer as Squadron-Leader Undercart cracked her up to be she'd probably be unable to restrain herself from parking a cookie en route, and if having an egg dropped on you from two thousand feet wasn't being bombed, what was, no, bombers certainly.

Group-Captain Boost here came over and said, oh, by the way, Undercart was not being posted to another Station after all. This naturally closed the discussion.

Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said all the talk had made him thirsty, waiter, a beer.

A. A.

As Others Hear Us Now

"I ONESTLY, Mummie, I know it's frightfully kind of you; but you just don't know. You're thinking of about fifty or sixty years ago."

"No, I'm not. Anyway, fifty years ago I wasn't born—or only just. And in any case I do really mean that I think you are pretty."

think you are pretty."

"Mummie! That just shows. No one, no one on earth—not even an unejucated Eskimo—wants to be pretty nowadays."

"Then why are you making such a fuss because you say your looks are frightful?"

"Well, they just are. But it wouldn't matter if I was hideous if I only had one speck of glamour. There just isn't anything else nowadays."

"You ought to be very pleased with your complexion, which is lovely, and your eyelashes; and you've got a particularly nice mouth——"

"Mummie! Honestly, if it wasn't so terribly serious I'd laugh myself sick. Why, I practically haven't got a mouth. Don't you realize that the only reason you can see my mouth at all is because I've put about a couple of extra inches on at either end with lipstick?"

"But why?"
"To make it longer, of course.
Nowadays a person's mouth has to
stretch practically right across their
face to be any good."

"I don't think that sounds attractive."

"That's just what I'm saying, Mummie. Naturally you think in those old Victorian terms, when people had completely different faces and still more completely different figures."

"Surely you don't think there's anything wrong with your figure?"

"There isn't anything right with it.

Not one single thing. To begin with,
do you realize how tall I am?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, that's the most frightful misfortune, almost, that any person can have. I ought to be at least three inches shorter."

"I don't agree at all."

"That's because you will go on wishful-thinking about me. I don't blame you. I know mothers are like that, and I dare say that if I ever have any children, and they're as hideous as they probably will be, I shall think them lovely and want them to be film stars or something."

"I don't want you to be a film star. I think you're much nicer in uniform."

"Some people can get away with being in uniform and be completely glamorous, but I can't. Of course I can make myself look better with masses of mascara and eyelid shadow, and plucking my eyebrows, and a really purple lipstick—you've no idea what a difference a purple lipstick makes if it's so dark it's almost black—but if I did anything like that at home Daddy would have such a fit, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, I think he might. But he says he likes the way you're doing your hair."

"Well, I've taken to brushing and combing it, and it does make a difference."

"Yes, I should think it might."
"It suddenly occurred to me, you know, and I've been doing it for weeks now. Mummie . . ."

"Yes?"

"I suppose you haven't got any spare face cream, or a few lipsticks, and some powder practically any colour except pink, and a compact you don't need, and a little brush for eyelashes?"

"I haven't a little brush for eyelashes, but I think I could find the

other things."

"That'd be wizard. And I forgot to say, some rouge and a powder-puff. Not that there's anything f can do about my looks, but I may as well try. But of course if you haven't got glamour you might just as well be shot down in flames at once." E. M. D.



"Wait till 'e sees yer—you won't 'arf cop it for missin' parades."

H. J. Talking

NE of my favourite hobbies is conjuring, as this gives me an opportunity for patter and I can get in many shrewd blows against the Government which otherwise would not be listened to. To begin with I did not perform alone, being rather inexpert, but always had several other turns on the stage with me to share and diffuse the attention of the audience. I wandered about, now removing a billiard ball from the mouth of the soprano, now sawing a diseuse in two. With the years, however, my command of the stage has improved and I feel able even to invite people to come up and pry about. I once planted B. Smith in the audience in a red wig and goloshes to inspect an apparatus of which I was not quite certain, but the dear fellow spoilt his evidence by advancing to the footlights and saying that he had known me from a baby and I was incapable of deceit.

My best tricks I have had printed in a small book, and this I have done not in order to instruct rivals but to get into the British Museum catalogue. A few random examples taken from this are what I am now about to quote.

TO SHRINK A LAPP

Have a large Lapp on a platform with a false floor. Cover him with a screen and push up through this floor a smaller Lapp, removing the used one on the way down. Take away the screen. Repeat to limits of possibility.

THE ESCAPING GOAT

Have a goat all chained up. Tickle it till it wriggles. The chain will come away and the goat be free. This is done by having one link in the chain made of barley sugar painted to look like iron. Manage so that this link gets into the goat's mouth. As these creatures eat anything, other things besides barley sugar could be used—nougat, for example.

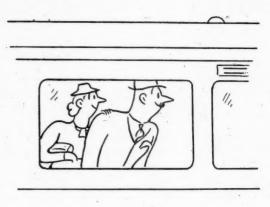
PALMING ALL KINDS OF DIFFERENT THINGS AT ONCE

Have false hands made very large and with pockets in them. Wear them in ordinary life to get used to them.

MEMORY FEAT

Hand somebody a telephone directory and ask them to read it to you, starting at the letter "A". As you do not provide them with anything to rest it on they will soon get tired of this and will probably stop reading after the first page, which you have already learnt and can easily repeat. Express disappointment that that is all they are setting you to do.

I once had a contract for supplying donkeys to a seaside corporation. I found this when going through some papers which had accumulated in a hat-stand, and imagine that it must have been left there by some friend. Nobody claimed it, and as I thought it was a pity it should be wasted I decided to use it myself. Unfortunately I had no donkeys, but a noble friend of B. Smith's had a herd of bison, and hearing of my predicament he offered to lend me six. I could not very well refuse as I was hoping to be asked to stay with him, but felt doubtful if the beasts would take kindly to children. Before taking them down I mixed them opiates, this being what I had heard liontamers are apt to do before swelling their chests at their charges. Unfortunately some of the ingredients must have been wrong (my wife had been doing a great deal of tidying in the laboratory) and the effect was to make them not merely tame but behave like animals in slow-motion films. When I got them on the beach they moved more deliberately than one would have thought possible, poising each hoof in the air and lowering it so gradually that you couldn't see it move unless you watched it very closely indeed. Customers complained that exhilarated was what they had paid to be, and though I recited stirring poems through a megaphone the blood failed to course in their veins and they demanded their money back. The council said they would sue me for breach of contract, but this I avoided by pointing out they must prove that the creatures I had provided were not donkeys, and having no zoologist on the corporation pay-roll they would have to search for one to give expert evidence on the point. Meanwhile I spread abroad the view that they were Bessarabian asses, and when some said they were bison I pointed out that one of the characteristics of bison was to charge furiously in all directions, which the animals under discussion certainly did not do. The matter was finally adjusted by the drug wearing off and their natural spirits reasserting themselves with added vigour, which took the form of their licking the town clerk with their rough tongues, until he offered to have the contract cancelled if I would take them away. This was not so easy as it sounds as they had been brought in a special van which was not due to call back for four months. I remembered, however, that nothing exerts a greater attraction on them than a salt lick. So I filled the turn-ups of my trousers with salt and walked steadily inland, with them following me, until I got them home.





"We're in luck-a corridor to ourselves."

The Phoney Phleet

XXVI-H.M.S. Streptococcus

IEUTENANT Danboy, R.N.R., At 27 had so far Escaped all infantile disease. This was because he'd roamed the seas Continuously from his birth, Having no contact with the earth On which such maladies are bred. This gave the man a heightened dread Of childish ills. Moreover he Developed no immunity, And when, a thousand miles from land, A stoker and a leading hand Were stricken with the whooping-cough He had them both partitioned off As if they were a gas attack. He then sat resolutely back To bide with stiffened upper lip The end of quarantine. His ship, The Streptococcus, cruised about Waiting until the month was out And she'd be free to enter port.

Of course you guessed it: Danboy caught The whooping-cough himself. And when He and the balance of his men Were thoroughly immobilized They ran into some healthy-sized And most offensive-minded Huns. Coughing, they tottered to their guns And by unmitigated luck Their fifty-seventh salvo struck

What must have been a vital blow Because the Fritz made signs to show That he gave up, surrendered, quit—In fact had had enough of it, Imploring them to send a crew With someone to surrender to.

Emitting cries like "Attaboy!"
Our gallant sailors whooped with joy
Then whooped again with whooping-cough,
Preparing meanwhile to shove off.
All was in readiness, boats manned,
When Danboy raised a warning hand.
"Avast!" he cried, "Remain! Don't go!
Surely you gentlemen must know
Our quarantine is not yet out?
What do you fancy you're about?
Remember, gentlemen, your germs!"
Though couched in histrionic terms
This résumé impressed the crew.
They left the Hitlerites to stew
And set a steady course for port.

The finding of the Naval Court Which Danboy had to face was this: That though in general to miss The taking of a ship in prize Was certain to antagonize The Naval Staff, they yet could state Conditions might extenuate Such lapses. In particular Observance of the Rules of War Must override all chance of gain. This Streptococcus case was plain: Danboy had been quite right to shun All contact with the proffered Hun: Since he was still in quarantine Without a doubt this would have been Bacteriological attack, Which was, in law, a major black And one which we, the Allies, spurned, And that was that. The Court adjourned.



Washing Up

WILL." "No, I will." "No, let me." "No. let me."

"No, everyone, honestly. I will."

"You did last time."
"I like it, honestly."

"Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath. And after many a summer dies the swan. I knew I knew."

"You've got a crumb in your hair." "Is there another cloth anywhere?"

"Alas! for this grey shadow, once

"There's a lot in between."

"Look, you do the putting away."

"Has the crumb gone now?" "No. There. No, there."

"Oo, you are a cad. You've bagged all the spoons."

You're supposed to with spoons." "I do think it's a shame when he's only here for such a short time.'

"What about the rest of us?" "Where did I put my cigarette?" "I wonder who invented that first

you do the spoons and then the

"All superstition, if you ask me." "I'know I put it somewhere."

"I don't think you had one."
"I know I did. I remember putting it somewhere."

"Darling, you are a pet the way you polish the glasses."
"Well, what should I do? Drop them on the floor and jump on them?

"I say, that was sarcastic." "I do think it's a shame when he's only here for such a short time.'

"This cheese plate has got a sort of smear on it."

"I haven't done it yet, stupid."

"At least I don't remember putting it down anywhere. That's what's so funny. I can't have swallowed it.

"I didn't mean you shouldn't polish them, darling, I only meant you were

a pet the way you did."
"Just listen. "No "No," mused Sir Henry reflectively, "there had been so little time, you see, for such things. Juliahis voice quavered, and stopped."

And about time too." .

"Oh, look. It's in the sink. All

soggy."
"Poor man. I expect he had iron-

grey hair."
"Not so far. Wait. He's got a humorous half-twist to his mouth."

"Honey, the glasses are fairly silting up.

"All right. Wait. And an expanse of white shirt-front."

"Living in a little world of his own." "It's pre-war. I kept that page for a

cardigan pattern."

"The snag about this bit is that you pick up the newly washedest plate each time, and therefore the least drained. There ought to be a way.

"Here at the quiet limit of the

'How would it be if-no, I suppose not. I wonder who invented that you balance the plates against a cup?"

"Superstition."

"If Sir Henry had had a humorous whole twist to his mouth I suppose it would be in a knot."

"Me only cruel immortality Con-

sumes."

"Listen. 'This attractive nosegay is made of bright scraps of left-over silk.' All right. I don't know where they go, even.

"On that shelf, on the left."

"Let me do the cup. I've been waiting for ages."

"That must be nearly all that needs drying except the knives.'

"There's a cup-and-saucer here."

"I think it would be much kinder if you did everything before you did the plates you put in the platerack."

"Me only cruel immortality Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms. Then here at and so on.'

"Yes. Then we wouldn't be hanging around waiting."

"You always do knives last."

"There's a pie-dish here." "And all the saucepans."

"You do them after the knives."

"When I took my spectacles to be mended the man said the frame would have to be pale blue."

"There's a war on." "I'm not complaining.

thought it was interesting. "The number of things you wash up

after things."
"I know. The process rises to a mad

"It is interesting, precious. It's fascinating. I can hardly wait to see them.'

'You are a pet, darling. Actually I took them back and I've stuck them up with sticking-plaster while I think if I really want pale blue.

There's a little jug thing here." "Next time it will be mauve."

"Actually we've got a Second Subaltern who does wear mauve framed glasses. Oh, dear, I should look like her."

"By the time you do get to the

knives the cloths are so wet they only make them wetter."

"She's got sort of mauve hair,

though.'

"Down the old oak staircase, one hand on the shining balustrade, stepped Cherry, wide - eyed, clad in amber gossamer '''

"I bet Sir Henry or whoever it was

caught his breath.

"It would be Nigel if it was. It's continued on page 67 anyway.'
"Thank heaven."

"Tithonus. He lived for ever as a punishment. That was why him only cruel immortality consumed."

Now the saucepans."

"I wish I was clad in amber

gossamer."

"There's a pudding-basin under the draining-board. Why, look, and some spoons . . .

The Trouser-Press Murder Case

RODERICK Quinzie, the famous amateur detective, raised himself laboriously from the horsehair settee, scribbled a shorthand note on his cuff, and began to rattle his pencil rhythmically between his teeth.

in

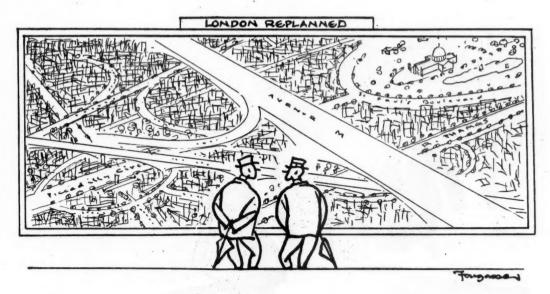
"For once, then, genius is con-unded. Even the omnipotent founded. Quinzie must admit defeat, eh?" I loaded these words with heavy sarcasm, but innuendoes are lost on Quinzie.

"On the contrary, my dear Malt-shovel," he said, "the trouser-press murder case has been satisfactorily concluded-at least so far as I am concerned. At the moment I am preparing a solution to the Daily Monitor's 'Phit-a-word' competition though I shall of course distribute the prize-money among deserving charities.'

"Do you mean to say that you know who the murderer is?" I said.

"I know," said Quinzie, "that he is a short man who walks with a stoup of ale in his hip-pocket and has large ears. He is a non-smoker, a past-president of the Westbury Conservative Club, and an undischarged bankrupt. He-

"Look here," I said, "this is nonsense. You heard of the murder only this morning-a bare account of the scene of the crime; you lounge on that ridiculous settee all day; and now you tell me you know that the murderer is-er-has large ears. Preposterous!"



"Well, anyhow, there'd be no harm in giving it a trial."

Quinzie seemed unaware of my interruption.

"He played cricket once or twice for Wiltshire, and headed the bowling average for Swindon Wanderers in 1908. His eyes are pale blue and his hair grey and thin. He served in France throughout the last war and was twice wounded in dispatches. He is sixty-two years old, married, with two daughters. His wife was a Trouncer.

"Stop!" I shouted. "This is ludicrous. I have every respect for your powers, Quinzie, but you try me too much. Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me how you know these

"Čertainly," said Quinzie. "Nothing could be simpler. My dear Maltshovel, you think in terms of the crime novel. You lack the ability to observe and interpret. Your dull mind cannot cope with the unusual. Every fact that I have given you is here in this room for you to discover."

I looked round nervously.

"In this room?" I said. "Surely . . . " "Yes, in this room," said Quinzie.
"If you will cast your mind back to six o'clock this evening you will recall that a certain document was delivered to this flat. The trouser-press murder case is exceptional because Scotland Yard has triumphed for once over the amateur detective. You may read all about it in the Monitor."

Art for Art's Sake

TT was like plunging into one of those pools, usually described as limpid, after a long, hot, dusty, noisy, smelly, gritty journey in a slow train stopping at every station, including Halts. The war, as the journey, was completely forgotten. The astounding works of a great master covered the walls; an orgy of pleasure lay ahead, not experienced since escape went out of fashion.

The gallery was full. They were all there. Faces from the past, not seen for years, or only for a moment in one's rush and flurry in street or bus.

The painter, complete with beard and azure coat; the earnest amateur with her dangling amber and clutched portfolio; a couple of fading young men on the turn from enthusiasts to dilettanti; a wandering soldier, a party of Americans, an elderly connoisseur with a glass.

"Look, darling," I heard, "that must be just beyond Potham-sur-le-Marsh.

"I don't remember that hill above Wortlesbury having trees on it."

There were a number of geographers. And the sentimentalists. "Many a time have Henry and I

bicycled over that country." My dear," said a well-dressed

woman, "just think of having to wear that frightful frock! It doesn't begin to fit."

"Oh, do look! That's the famous one. Osbert Sitwell."

. . and I think I shall try a new hairdresser too."

"Don't they look funny close to?" "I always say I know what I like,

"No, I think if Smonkszch were on the left flank . . .

. . let's go to the Academy." "I don't like pictures of mountains; they make me feel ever so sad.'

... Oh, yes, he's had mumps." "The artist must have been abroad." "... and this one is called 'Study.'"

. . all hand done."

"... more than a hundred years old." Honestly, people cared nothing for Why on earth they came to galleries at all I couldn't think; merely to gossip or to have a topic for dinner. They didn't care a hoot-hardly looked at the pictures, half of them.

I was startled from my observation

by a gentle voice at my elbow.
"Would you mind," said the voice,
which was scholarly and patient—
"would you very much mind moving just a tiny bit to the right? You see, I rather wanted to look at this picture. It is very beautiful . . . if you'll forgive me . . . as you are standing with your back to it . . . I thought



"Sorry, Sir, we've no decoy ducks at all-those in the window are only dummies."

Summer

N such an evening Summer sovereignly squanders
Her treasures, tosses to us all,
All that should spell well-content and ease;
She is most prodigal
Of loveliness and languor, even of peace—
Nothing is wanting whatever the eye ponders.

Trees on a lawn have lingering sleek shadows (Cooler than water) and the sunlit scene Holds little pools of shade and chequered grass: In distant meadows

The countryside, as it has always been,
Is kind to look upon, like country faces.

Flocks fetlock-deep in green and sunless places
Count not the hours that pass,
Watching the wimpled water as it wanders.

On such a summer evening who but would, Hearing again the knock of bat on ball, Think himself back in that Elysian land Where a warm dusk would fall On lighted windows . . .!

And yet, O who could Not know (while England boasts her bravest face And is all pageant) that the sundering seas Bind those whose hearts are grounded in this place And whose steadfast eyes See these green fields, whose spirits yet expand Under strange skies To childhood lanes leafily laced with trees!

These are they
The valiant, who have been long away.
But in such time as England has not known
Nor all her pageant shown,
As though they left but lightly yesterday
They will return, requited, to their own.
M. E. R.



MEIN TRIUMF

"It's the publishers. They want to know if the sequel to Mein Kampf will be ready for the autumn lists."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, August 3rd.—House of Commons: The Hoax. (Ladies' Day.) Wednesday, August 4th.—House of Commons: Old Age Pensions.

Thursday, August 5th.—House of Commons: This House Now Stands Adjourned.

Tuesday, August 3rd.—It was Ladies' Day, the day of the year on which several of the women M.P.s sit in the House all day and sometimes make speeches with what is known as "feminine interest." But the whole thing is so unreal that unkind (or realist) male M.P.s, with nostalgic thoughts of pre-war sport, now call it "The Hoax." To-day's was no better than the usual debate, and, truth to tell, not much worse either.

Had it not been for Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN... But we anticipate. Of that most unladylike Member, more

Well, it all started normally—quite normally, with the usual score of Members present. The women Members ploughed through their grievances, and Mr. MALCOLM MCCORQUODALE, of the Ministry of Labour, who specializes in "woman-power" problems, turned on all his very considerable charm in reply.

Mr. McCorquodale rarely gets a chance to show his debating skill, and is usually landed with the winding-up speech in some impossible debate. To-day he shone brightly, and the ladies voted him a great success.

The debate had its moments. Lady ASTOR can usually be relied on to brighten any discussion, and, after Sir James Grigg, the War Minister, had been described by another Member as "Jove," she (apparently thinking the gods were having a Ladies' Day too) referred to that blushing he-man Secretary of State as "Juno."

When order had been restored she remarked that "other women Members had dealt with women's topics, and she did not want to bore the House any further." The men laughed; the ladies blushed; Lady Astor was heard to say that she did not mean it that way. The more she saw of men, said her Ladyship freezingly, the more she believed in women. Why, peeresses in their own right could not sit in the Lords, yet any mumbo-jumbo of a man could!

Mr. Speaker reminded her that she should not use words likely to give offence in Another Place. Lady Astor's defence was typical of her:

"There are mumbo-jumbos here, in this House, too—but I apologize."

She ended with an aggressive passage about cradles and world-ruling, the general effect of which (it appeared) was to amend the old saying to read: "The hand that rules the cradle rocks the world."

Women's subjects seemed to run out just then, and there was a pause. But Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN stepped into the breach. He is always ready to direct a random shaft or two at the Government, or, failing that, to deposit an odd spanner in the machine. He sprayed spanners and shafts all over



"... ACCORDING TO HIS CLOTH"?
(After "The Tailor" in the National Gallery)

"I have been giving close . . . attention to the question of what number of clothing coupons could safely be issued . . . in order to match the prospective supplies."

Mr. Dalton.

the place to-day, and even went back to 1927 for a "damaging" quotation from a speech by Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Bevan was understood to urge:
(1) that the Allies should deal with nobody in Italy; (2) that the Italians should have an entirely free choice of government; (3) that they should have the sort of government we (or was it he?) thought good for them. This, he explained to a wondering House, was Democracy.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, in one of his thoughtful and level-headed speeches (rightly described by a later speaker as "statesmanlike"), put the matter back into perspective again, saying it was one that needed watching, but about which none need get excited.

Mr. Quintin Hogg, perspiring profusely with sheer rage, took off his spectacles, glared across at Mr. Bevan, and informed that orator that his speech was the most mischievous and irresponsible even he had delivered. Mr. Bevan shook his head in denial, and seemed to wonder why Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the Government Whip, found this funny—until someone explained.

Mr. Ivon Thomas then took the floor. He had in his hands a parcel of notes and on his face a determination to unload them. On and on he went, firing off brilliant epigrams like "Making the world safe for bankers" with no apparent effort or strain-on himself. Other Members chatted about this and that, but still Mr. THOMAS hurried on. Mr. BEVAN, intervening, complained bitterly and darkly about a "conspiracy of conversation," but Mr. Speaker, clearly afraid of prolonging the speech still further, did not rise. At long last Mr. THOMAS ended, with the remark that he might have spoken longer. The House took this as an empty boast.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN (who is now wisely letting the House have some of the pretty wit and vivacity of manner those lucky enough to have shared his private conversation have long enjoyed) made short work of the debate. What the critics were asking for (so far as that could be ascertained) was precisely what General ALEXANDER was doing, said he. Freedom of choice for the Italians was a good idea—in good time—but the situation around Catania was at that moment hardly suitable for the holding of a really dispassionate General Election. Meanwhile, the Government did not think it a good idea to have a rambling debate.

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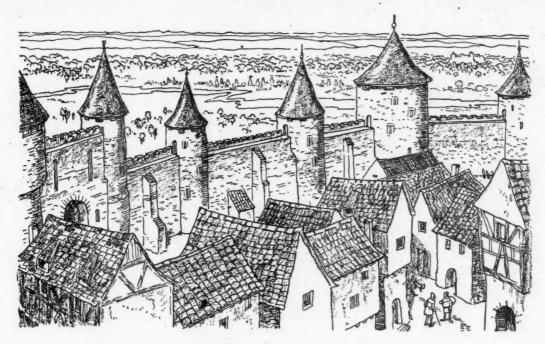
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Before the debate Mr. Churchill—prefacing his statement with an elaborate defence against "differing views"—announced that the North Africa and 1939-43 Stars were to be given to all who had played their part in the war's fighting, including the Merchant Navy. For some reason not clear, the P.M. wound up with another defensive screen about having done his best to make the grant a fair one. Nobody threw anything.

The fighting services are also to have wound stripes—gilt, one per wound—and service chevrons—red, one per

President ROOSEVELT has given us one hundred and fifty to two hundred merchant ships, and explained why in a letter almost long enough to bridge the Atlantic. Mr. Churchill (again in a curiously defensive tone) read the letter to the House. Then, "since I am making statements to the House,"



"Well, I'm all for declaring it an open town."

he mentioned that the offensive in Sicily had started up again and was going well. After which he went out, leaving the House to the Ladies-and to Mr. BEVAN.

Wednesday, August 4th.-Major VYVYAN ADAMS does not like Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI, ex-Duce of the Italian people. To-day, in his grim way, he said so twice within a couple of minutes. Moreover, he called that erstwhile statesman "this Prince of Rats." He also urged the Government to stop up all the likely holes in which that rodent/might take refuge.

Mr. EDEN was able to assure him that the owners of the holes had been warned that the acceptance of a fugitive lodger would be regarded by the United Nations as an unfriendly act-not, indeed, to the fleeing rat but to the Allied hunters.

A little later Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, of the Food Ministry, was asked by Sir William Davison for an undertaking that those who harboured rats would be dealt with, and everybody thought that that versatile Minister had transferred his services to the Foreign Office. But it turned out that this time it was the genuine Hamelin variety that was concerned.

Mr. Churchill was in attendance again, and the House filled to hear a war statement from him.

although he bustled in and out and in again, he made no statement, and Members settled down to an exhilarating discussion on old age pensions. Mr. ERNEST BROWN, the Minister of Health, who is becoming (wonder of wonders) strangely inaudible, made a

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

THEY are brave, these people who, behind the scenes. whether at home or in the factories, go quietly about their essential tasks. Even when they are bombed and lose their homes and cherished possessions, their grateful appreciation of the help given them through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND acclaims the spirit which cannot be broken.

The privilege of service to them is extended to you. If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

skilful review of the old age pension position, and recommended to the favourable consideration of the House some new regulations relating thereto.

"O.K." said the House—at some length, it is true, but still with the traditional meaning and intent. Mr. Brown bowed himself out with the comment that "That is that!"

As, in very truth, it was.

Thursday, August 5th.-Mr. McCorquodale was in action again to-day, in a peculiarly hostile House. Subject: the proposed calling up of women from 46 to 50 years of age. Will you please put this off, asked Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, to thunderous applause from the Conservative benches, until we have had an opportunity to debate it?

Can't put it off, said Mr. McCorquo-DALE gently, but tell you what I will do: I'll not call anybody up until the

House meets again.

Bright piece of strategy this, and so inexpensive, because it will be physically impossible, anyway, to call any of the women up in the time available.

However, by then everybody had heard that Orel had fallen to the Russians, Catania to the British and United States forces. So they let it go at that-pro tem .-- and went on holiday.

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"Anything fresh in the paper?"
"Yes, dear, a nice piece of hake."

Wellington

EAR lady,—As it is non-poss for us to meet face to face I rite these lines to demand back my Wellington boot which you torn from off me as I was retreating over your garden wall. My father gave me a most panefull hiding when I came home without it and says he will murder me every day till I get it back. He says you are worse nor a jap. To save expenses I am putting this letter in your letter box in the hedge and will you do the same and leave my Wellington standing near? Your maid who is always looking thro the curtains will see me going and coming.

Your obedient servant, Tom

THE CASCADE July 20, 1943

DEAR SIR,—I have received your impudent undated letter, and wish you to realize that boys who steal

apples, especially during the present shortage of fresh fruit, must suffer the consequences. I have not the slightest intention of restoring your rubber boot—except through the medium of the police. May your next thrashing be particularly memorable!

Yours faithfully,

urs faithfully,
MATILDA BIRKSTEAD (Miss).

SOMEWHERE IN THE TOWN

Zero Hour

dear madam,—My gang has studyied yours of to-day and issue an ultimatam. Your front gate will be painted tarton if the Wellington is not returned by Zero hour which is now.

Yours grimingly, Tom.

THE CASCADE. July 21, 1943

DEAR SIR,—You had better make haste to decorate my gate as the salvage people will be coming for it

any day now. I leave you to judge which tartan they would prefer. Perhaps Black Watch?

By the way, would you be more careful in depositing and collecting your correspondence? My maid saw you deliberately put your foot on an antirrhinum when you were here last. You can take your time as we have no intention (at present) of capturing you.

I trust your father is keeping it up!

Yours faithfully, MATILDA BIRKSTEAD.

Somewhere in the Town Still Zero hour

DEAR MISS BIRKSTEAD,—My mother is putting this matter in the hands of Lord Woolton as it is an offence to horde rubber. The Lord will surely call up the Police which might be very akward for you, especially as the little red haired boy you made to eat the twelve apples is nearly dead,

Yours hopefully, Tom.

THE CASCADE July 21, 1943

DEAR SIR,—I appreciate your care of the antirrhinums when you called for my last letter. As for a visit by the police I cannot think of anything that would be more agreeable—if you can arrange to accompany them.

I am not at all surprised to hear about the little red-haired boy whom I imprisoned for three hours in the coalcellar. When he admitted that he had stolen the twelve apples for his own consumption I gave myself the sacrificial satisfaction of seeing him eat them. I will admit, however, that I had to be firm.

Yours faithfully,
MATILDA BIRKSTEAD.

P.S.—I know of a good cure for apple colic if your friend would like to try it.—M.B.

12 High Street July 22

DEAR MISS MATILDA,—It is to late to do anything for the little red haired boy. The doctor who goes three times a day is throwing up his hands over him. He will be a great loss. Would you like the other Wellington to make a pear?

Yours sincerely, Tom Smith.

P.S.—I have heard they cut you open when you die suddenly.—T.

12 HIGH STREET
Later

DEAR MATILDA,—My little redhaired chum has gone into a comma. Yours in despare, Tom.

> THE CASCADE July 22, 1943

DEAR SIR,—There is quite a lot of difference between a comma and a full-stop. I have every reason to apprehend that about this time next year history will repeat itself—with the difference that your friend and accomplice, the red-haired apple-stealer, will be obliged to eat two and not just one dozen of my sour fruit. Please cheer him up with this prospect!

Many thanks for the offer of the second boot. Unfortunately it has come too late as immediately on learning your name and address I got in touch with the police and handed them your property. Your parents—and you—may expect a black van to call at any time now.

Yours faithfully, MATILDA BIRKSTEAD. P.S.—Have you tried rubbing his stomach? It tends to smooth down the sharp edges of undeveloped fruit.—M.B.

SOMEWHERE IN THE TOWN no date

DEAR MADAM,—You will be pleased to hear that the Policeman you gave my Wellington to is my father. Thanks a lot. He says he remembers your garden from a boy and that your apples are not worth taking. I am keeping our corespondence because my chum is determined to have a post mortuem.

Yours finally, Tom SMITH.

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Never-Never Department

"Brand new Remington Typewriter for sale; unobtainable bargain."

Advt. in Oxford Mail.

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"There is no treatment for the horse who is suffering from senile decay of the central nervous system, and who is very liable to get progressively worse as time goes on instead of better. At the same time the progress of the decay may be quite slow, and he may live to die of some other malady before he becomes quite useless.—Vet."

Farming Paper.

About how long before?



"George, do get up and let Mrs. Applegarth sit down."

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At the Revivals

"THE CONSTANT COUPLE"
"THE RIVALS"
"THE MAGISTRATE"
(ARTS)

A SURPRISING amount of interest is being shown in Mr. Alec Clunes's well-directed little Festival of English Comedy which has begun with the above three examples and is to continue and conclude with *The Watched*

Pot ("SAKI") and Mis-alliance (BERNARD SHAW). Surprising, we say, because the English public's neglect of even its most famous old plays has hitherto been consistently mule-like. It will take the classics which it hears of in the schoolroom, but it will take nothing else and nothing besides. How often do we see Love for Love or The Beaux' Stratagem? Only as often as some popular idol, whom the public will support in any whim or caprice within reason, chooses to revive such a play in default of any new modern piece with a

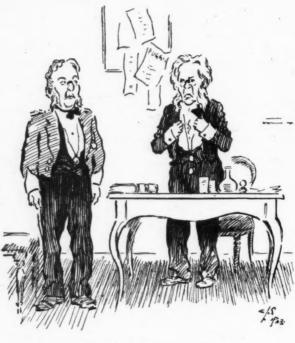
thumping big part.

The Arts Theatre, therefore, has been plucky, and its success is the more gratifying. George Farquear's The Constant Couple (1699), containing the famous part of Sir Harry Wildair, was a popular comedy throughout the eighteenth century. It has not been acted in London for over a hundred years. Sheridan's The Rivals (1775) is of course one of the theatre's few

accepted classics of old comedy and has been done in Central London as recently as nine years ago. PINERO'S The Magistrate (1885) was its author's first triumphant success in farce, but it has enjoyed only one revival (1892).

Let us be critical in our pleasure at seeing these old plays revived. The Rivals is always The Rivals. But FARQUHAR, like the other Restoration playwrights, is surely the better for a little judicious pruning. (Mr. Gielgud, for example, has done some most quiet, most delicate, and most advantageous pruning of the too proliferating Congreve, and that discreet deed is partly responsible for the huge success which has just been transferred to the

Haymarket Theatre.) Mr. Clunes has been a thought too reverent with Farquhar, whose hearty shade we can easily imagine exclaiming: "Zounds, man, produce me and damn the reverence!" It is not so much the franknesses as the dullnesses which offend nowadays. The stricture really only applies to the rough-comedy scenes between Smuggler, the old merchant, and Clincher, the apprentice turned beau. The scenes between Sir Harry and Angelica (the maid whom that rake mistakes for a wanton) and



THE POT AND THE KETTLE

Colonel Lukyn (from Bengal—retired) . . Mr. David Bird Mr. Posket (Magistrate) Mr. Denys Blakelock

> Lady Lurewell ("a lady of a jilting Temper proceeding from a resentment of her Wrongs from Men")—these are an uncuttable joy.

> The central situation of PINERO'S farce is as old as the hills, or at least as old as Molière's Géronte and Scapin It is the always-irresistible situation of seeing someone hoist with his own petard—a magistrate confronted on the bench with a party of roysterers from which he had himself ignominiously escaped the previous night on the arrival of the police at a certain fast restaurant. Mr. Posket had been beguiled to this gilded den of iniquity by his step-son, Cis Farringdon,

declared by his mother to be fourteen when he is really nineteen. Mr. Posket does not at first want to go: "To deceive your mother, Cis—would that be quite the clean potato?" However "oysters and wine at two"—in the phrase of the old song—prevail, and the resulting disaster has been already indicated. There is the additional complication that Mrs. Posket and her sister are also involved since they have been paying a perfectly innocent visit, on the same fateful evening, to a military officer dining

with a military friend at this same ill-chosen, unsuburban, Offenbachian hotel.

The almost unavoidable tendency to burlesque this witty romp has been most sedulously avoided. It creaks here and there, of course. It was bound to creak. But it was, on the whole, immensely worth reviving as a period-piece, and it falls well enough into the general scheme of the Festival—which is to show us the manners and morals and prevailing social tone of each particular period chosen for illustration.

These first three plays have been singularly well produced — the Farquhar and the Pinero by Mr. Clunes, and the Sheridan by Mr. Noel Iliff. Mr. Edmund Gray's inventiveness in the matter of costumes has been another source of pleasant, continuous wonderment. There has been good acting, too, though it would be unreasonable to look for the best of acting in the circumstances. Those circumstances include the

war's cramping conditions, the brave little theatre's limited resources, the fact that most of the plays are out-ofthe-way and that all are elaborately different in style and period. wonder is rather that they should be done as well as they are. The assured successes in performance have been (1) Mr. Clunes's own delightfully easy and airy Sir Harry in the Farquhar, (2) Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK'S Bob Acres and his extremely funny Mr. Posket, and (3) Miss Avice Landone who has turned from Lady Lurewell to Mrs. Malaprop and thence to Mrs. Posket as assuredly as if those three womenof-the-world had anything whatever in common.

The Anonymous Dog

TAMING a new puppy is a thing that is easily done, if one has a bright idea; but puppies are rather commoner than bright ideas, so that people must often find themselves with a puppy to name and with no particular name to give him. At any rate I did; and as the need for a name that I could shout at him became somewhat urgent. I went to a neighbour who I thought might have an idea left over after naming his own dogs, and asked him if he could give me a name quickly.

"What sort of a puppy is it?" was the first question he asked me.

"Nondescript, I am afraid," I told

"Well, what does he do mostly?" he asked.

"He mostly bites the carpet," I said. "Then you shouldn't have much difficulty in naming him," he replied.

"No," I said. "I know what you are going to say, but I am not going to handicap a dog with a name like that." "Then what else does he do?" he

asked. "He is a bit impatient," I said, "and has a high shrill yap. And he makes a good deal of noise with it.'

"Well, there you are again," he said. "Yes, I know," I told him. "But you seem to forget he'll have the name all his life; and, once for all, I am not going to give him a name like that just because he bit the carpet when he was a puppy and lost his patience some-times and had a shrill noisy voice. Most puppies have, and he'll grow out of it, and I am not going to handicap him for life."

"Then you'd better call him Spot," he replied.

"But there are no spots on him," I said. "He is black all over, except for a streak of white underneath."

"Still I should call him Spot," said

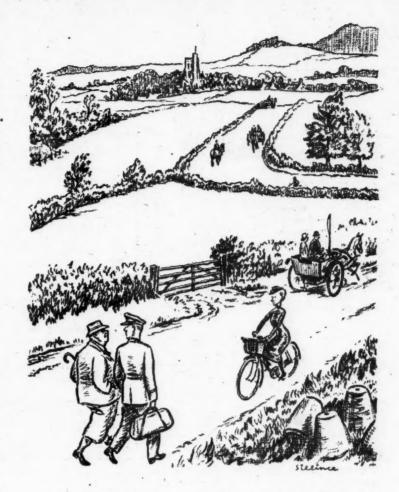
my neighbour.
"No," I said, "that wouldn't suit him in the least."

"If you won't call him by the name that I was going to give you, which would have suited him to perfection, he said, "you had better give him some name that doesn't suit him. Or think of one for yourself."

"I can't think of one myself," I said. "That's why I came to you."

"Well, I can't think of any more,"

And nor could I. So in the end I have called him nothing at all. And whenever I want the little brute to come I just shout to him "Heil!'



"You'll find the war's played havoc with our village. Joe Greenfield's garage and petrol station, for instance, the oldest in these parts, has been converted into a bally blacksmith's forge!"

Phalaris

ATE has found Phalaris! It is rolling up the shore, Sweeping Agrigentum with swift flame, Smiting the devourer-you may hear his brazen

Bidding freemen end the age of shame. . . . Island helots, turn your knives On your own unworthy gyves! Bless the burning hour that freedom came!

Yield your sword, Phalaris! We are riding for the straits! Round by grey Passaro there have loomed Giant heirs of other ships that rolled without the gates,

Sworn to see all tyranny entombed. . . . Quenchless in its crown of ire, See, the sunset fades in fire! Vengeance gathers grimly for the doomed!

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"And you want me to investigate the disappearance of tinned plums during the month of June?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

André Maurois

Call No Man Happy (CAPE, 12/6) is the title of an autobiography which Monsieur André Maurois decided to write one evening in the summer of 1941 as he sat musing over his past in a Californian college to which he had been invited to give a course of lectures. The aim of his book, he says, is to tell "the story of my difficult life in a direct, unromanticized form." MAUROIS' childhood and youth were passed in Normandy where his father, a sensitive and sympathetic parent, held an important position in a spinning and weaving mill owned by relatives. When his school and college days were over, MAUROIS entered the family business, and at twenty-three was the head of a department which he had founded himself, and which he developed so brilliantly that in a short time the annual sales of the mill exceeded by some millions of francs the best years of the past. Meeting a beautiful Russian girl in Geneva, Maurois fell in love with her and arranged for her to complete her education at Brighton, Clacton-on-Sea and Oxford. Their marriage, however, in spite of these preliminary measures, appears to have proved disappointing to both. During the last war Maurois acted as an interpreter with the British Army in France, drawing from this experience the material of his first book, Les Silences du Colonel Bramble. The great success of this book established him as a writer, both in France and England, and brought him into agreeable contact with most of the eminent Frenchmen and Englishmen of the day. Although he speaks of his "naïve trust" and of "countless imprudent

actions," there is nothing in his autobiography to suggest that he has ever been guilty of misplaced confidence, or that ineptness in social intercourse is among his failings. Clemenceau, Poincaré and Briand, at variance on most points, were at one in their cordial attitude to MAUROIS, and his English friends have included not only many distinguished writers but also colonels living in the heart of the country. It seems that a book he wrote on reaching America after the fall of France was interpreted by some readers as lacking in cordiality to England. No such charge could possibly be brought against his present book which, if not quite so direct and unromanticized as the author proposed to make it, nor yet the record of what most people would call a difficult life, is certainly one of the most interesting, vivid and attractively written of recent autobiographies.

A New Beginning

Holding that we can best honour our heroic dead by improving the spiritual quality of the lives we owe them, Mr. Rom Landau has made individual regeneration the main theme of his Letter to Andrew (FABER, 8/6). Standards of living, he maintains, have little or nothing to do with happiness—anyhow ours as a nation were unjustifiably high. Yet he is dangerously content "to leave . . . the State control of industry to the specialists"; for although totalitarian methods cannot increase the spiritual security he craves, they can very definitely diminish it. LANDAU, however, concentrates on the individual, whom it is the business of the State to foster and the Church to convert. His book is written for the young-he is young himself; and he asks the young to stop carping and set their own souls in order, without asking either Church or State to produce an earthly paradise as unaccountable as a conjurer's rabbit. Let them serve their fellows-though even war-service, he points out ruefully, can be a miasma of vanity, ambition and greed unless it has spiritual motives at the back of it. His own method of acquiring these motives is an eclectic one; and he is too ardent an individualist himself to favour conformity in others.

Whited Sepulchre

A full-length portrait has occupied Mr. Eden Phillpotts' attention in A Museum Piece (Hutchinson, 9/6). It is so cunningly drawn that at times the reader finds himself applauding the sentiments that Septimus Mandrill enunciates, and at others wondering how anything commendable could have come from the lips of one so steeped in self-conceit, and self-seeking. Septimus is a loyal, not to say slavish, lover of the royal family, a staunch supporter of the Church of England, a disciplinarian in business, and always one for having everything handsome about him, and many more than "two gowns": yet he is so utterly unable to see any point of view but his own, so certain that his opinions are right and ready to support them to the length of cruelty that he is never really a success in business or home life, and his wife and daughter both leave him. A lonely old age gives him opportunity of laying down the law to his small circle, fortified with the conviction that all who have ever opposed him are actuated if not by wickedness at least by disgusting stupidity, and that he is a great man born too soon into a world unready for him and unworthy of him. This satire is perhaps the cleverest of all Mr. Phillpotts' many books: the reader will listen for a hollow sound in every worthy sentiment and suspect even his own motives for hours after reading it.

BES

Ransom in Paradise

Hitherto it is the poet who has best illuminated the divine mysteries; and Dante-who was taking no risksinvoked both Apollo and the Muses to help his memory retrace the deep furrow ploughed by his intellect on its way through paradise. Mr. C. S. Lewis, however, has brought a trenchant, rather Defoe-like, style to his re-enactment of the story of the Fall-in a different world and with a different ending. He is fighting, too, with one hand tied behind him; for the irony that rendered The Screwtape Letters still the most treasurable of his books is wholly absent from Perelandra (LANE, 8/6). Here you have Ransom, the hero of the Malacandra adventure, dispatched to play guardian angel on the planet Venus, where another Eve, innocence incarnate, is tempted by evil incarnate in the guise of the scientist Weston. What of divine doctrine has been mishandled by mythologists—in particular the veto on the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil—is here brilliantly elucidated in the manner of its impugners. To them and to their opponents the dazzling and sombre fluctuations of the spiritual combat should prove fortifying and provocative. The ordinary reader, one suspects, will visualize where he ought to transcend visualization, with disastrous results.

Nietzsche

Nietzsche lost his reason at the beginning of 1889, and died in 1900, by which date he was famous on the Continent but still comparatively unknown in England. During the first decade of this century a handful of devoted disciples worked to spread his name in this country, and were rewarded far beyond their expectations or desires when at the outbreak of the last war Nietzsche was suddenly unearthed by our Press and held up before the public as the corrupter of the Germans, who were now ravaging Europe in conformity with Nietzsche's view of the superman as a blond beast exulting in rapine and murder. The war over, Nietzsche's disciples assembled the master's fragments and pieced them together in the likeness of a lonely and disinterested sage to whom State worship, repellent in any form, was especially repellent as practised by Germans. Then came Mussolini, who acknowledged Nietzsche and Machiavelli as his chief masters, and Hitler, who had himself photographed in the Nietzsche museum at Weimar glaring at the philosopher's bust with the dæmonic intensity which he no doubt thought the situation demanded. How much of Nietzsche will survive this second association of his name with a great explosion of destructive frenzy remains to be seen. As Father COPLESTON shows in his lucid and fair-minded survey of Nietzsche's life and philosophy (Friedrich Nietzsche, Philosopher of Culture. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 8/6), there is much to admire both in Nietzsche's character and in his work. His megalomania which ended in madness was exalted far above ordinary ambitions. Money and immediate fame meant nothing to him. Nothing less than to be the second and final saviour of mankind would have satisfied him, and to this ambition he sacrificed his friends, his genius and at last his sanity. Intensely idealistic by nature but dominated by the materialistic philosophy of his age, he tried to turn man into a god. His superman is a finite being with all the attributes of divinity. What-ever he does is right because he is beyond good and evil, and therefore endowed with the wisdom and joy of innocence. Such is Nietzsche's superman in theory, but in practice, as Nietzsche might admit if he were still alive, to go beyond good is not also to go beyond evil.

Russian Vitriol

ILYA EHRENBURG has, not unnaturally, a consuming hatred for the German invader. He is a Russian, and a Jew. He has seen towns and villages after they have been occupied—and freed: he has heard innumerable stories from survivors; and, above all, he has perused hundreds of diaries, letters, and captured orders. With these last he makes great play in his latest book-Russia at War (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6). It opens with a series of vitriolic sketches of prominent Nazi leaders, followed by equally searing comments on the rank and file. Then come the Hirelings-Benito Mussolini and the rest; Friends, in which he deals with the various anti-Fascist organizations in Europe, including Free France and de Gaulle; and finally, Ourselves, containing descriptions of many incidents observed on the long Russian battle-front. Mr. PRIESTLEY, providing a short introduction, calls them "superb little commentaries." He is right-though he cannot resist a slight sneer at our own "official-gentlemanly smooth" propaganda. ILYA EHRENBURG has wit and a scathing scorn. His book is well worth reading. L. W.

Need We Dream Again?

As the publishers say of Herr Leopold Schwarzschild's World in Trance (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6), which has a long and grave foreword by Mr. D. W. Brogan, it is a necessary book and a painful one. It is never pleasant to be reminded of our own stupidities, and the author fairly rubs our noses in them. He shows Clemenceau roaring his last as President Wilson worked for magnanimous peace terms. He rages against our disarmament folly, and addresses the Unknown Soldiers under the Arc de Triomphe and in Westminster Abbey: "You could no longer protest. You could no longer use your rifle. But what you had won they had lost. In sixteen years of lofty dreaming and low demagogy, the same generation that had won the prize had thrown it overboard foolishly, frivolously, and complacently." He comments on Hitler being shown to us all: It was as though fate had said, 'Listen, I am going to do my best for you. I will show you German reality in all its bare ugliness. I will put it under your nose. I will hit you over the head with it.... Once you see Hitler you will no longer be able to make mistakes—or will you?" We know the answer, but there is still time to digest the lesson before the next Armistice.



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HE first moment that dog sets eyes on me several million volts of elemental current pass between us and I can smell burning. Back in the primeval slime my prototype did something which his prototype didn't like. Directly he sees me that dog gladly sets aside every other ambition he may have fostered in favour of tearing me into little bits.

I learn afterwards he is a yellowishwhite oblong dog weighing forty-seven pounds, but in that first terrible second of recognition I am too shocked to register anything except a long woolly torpedo bearing down on the residential parts of my motorbike. That dog's family has been waiting for this moment ever since the earth cooled down, and he is making no mistakes. I decide to clap on all steam and swerve sharply to the right so as to bring him in short of the back wheel. But motorbikes have never readily submitted themselves to my will, and what happens is I swerve sharply to the left and slow down to a crawl. As a result my ancestors undeservedly have the first laugh. The animal's momentum carries him across my front wheel like a comet and up to his tail in a thick briar hedge. By the time he has reversed out I have fumbled on the right stops and am nearly in the next county.

I cogitate a great deal on that dog. I have him in mind all day, particularly the high chilling whine of his rage. Unless I shoot myself in the foot or take poison I must pass him again in the morning. He will be a tactically wiser dog. I toy with the idea of arming myself with a pannikin of boiling oil, only to remember that I did this when I bought my motorbike. Instead I decide to carry a steelpointed ski-stick in my left hand. I shall go very slowly and treat the animal with the contempt of chivalry. An officer and a gentleman, I see myself as a sort of mechanized d'Artagnan. I shall jab the brute in the slats until his black spirit is broken and he slinks away to his loathsome kennel to die of shame. . .

He is waiting on the grass bank. I think he has been waiting there all night, warmed by the hate of ages. I put myself on guard. It is terribly

exciting. He has started. It is rather too exciting. He is on me. My first thrust has too little deflection and only tickles his hind-quarters with the wicker halo skirting the stick. There are fires burning in that dog's eyes which would light our pilots a long way home. I begin to wish I had picked a handier weapon. He is like a tornado wrapped unevenly in soiled cotton wool. If I jabbed him as he should be jabbed I should fall off. If I fail to keep up a stern defence part of my leg will disappear instantly. Minutes pass. I am wobbling so much that I dare not accelerate. To stop would be the end. Noises from the rear indicate a good deal of military traffic bottled up behind me. My sword-arm is now quite dead. I look for a miracle, and it happens. Hitler attacked Russia, that dog bites the shaft of the ski-stick, trips and I am on my way.

My mood is now one of unbridled anger. I will visit his owner this evening and demand his destruction.



"He just says 'Sicily is nothing to write bome about'.'

I see the man as a big drunken lout to whom I will be unreservedly rude. The cottage is the green one by the pub, and I consult my spies. Mrs. Tremlow lives there. She is a widow whose twelve children have all come to sad ends. Oh, come, not all twelve? Yes, the last of them fell into a millrace in Northumberland in 1923, wasn't it funny? Since then only one solitary ray of joy has penetrated the drab interior of Mrs. Tremlow's life. I do not need to be told what it is.

As I chug home through thick summer mist my mind is in turmoil. I would give ten years to pull that dog to pieces with my bare hands, yet I cannot find it in me to add to Mrs. Tremlow's intolerable burden. Deep in these sombre thoughts, I strike something squarely and am thrown heavily to the road. My torch shows that my front wheel is an interesting geometric figure and that Mrs. Tremlow's dog lies unconscious beside it. I have every intention of fulfilling this golden moment by hitting it over the head with a spanner and flinging it into the bushes, yet I find myself hurrying up the road carrying the animal in my arms. We are about a mile from the village. Half-way there the creature licks my face during a flicker of consciousness, and I stroke its head. For this I could bite off my hand a moment later. I scarcely know whether I am on my head or my heels, I only know that Mrs. Tremlow has had an exceptionally tragic life and her dog weighs forty-seven pounds.

Very frail and old, she is drinking cocoa by the light of a single candle. It is a great shock, but she is a model of courage and charity. I find myself, also with a cup of cocoa, murmuring how much I hope the dog is not dead. In fact it is merely stunned, and when it opens its eyes takes in the situation immediately. There is no false sentiment about that dog. As Mrs. Tremlow grabs it, it is gathering its spent forces to bite the lump out of my throat.

"Poor fellow," she says, "he's had a narrow shave. But he'll be his old

a narrow snave.

self again in the morning."

"""

self again in the morning."

""

the He'll be his old self again in the morning." ERIC.

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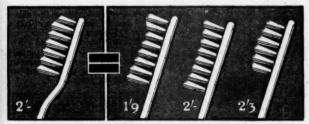


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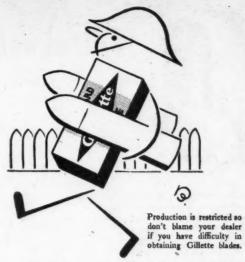
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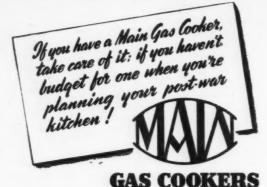
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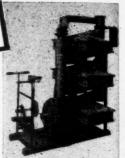
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(From an R.A.F. officer in Bomber Command shot down over Germany. The letter can be inspected).

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